Onely my conſcience for the Goſpels ſake,
Is cauſe of all the troubles I ſuſtaine.
La. O my deere Lord, what ſhall betide of vs?
you to the Tower, and I turn'd out of doores,
Our ſubſtance ſeiz'd vnto his highneſſe vſe,
Euen to the garments longing to our backes.
Har. Patience good Madam, things at worſt will mend,
And if they do not, yet our liues may end.
Biſh. Vrge it no more, for if an Angel ſpake,
I ſweare by ſweet S. Peters bleſſed keyes,
Firſt goes he to the Tower, then to the ſtake.
Crom. But by your leaue, this warrant doth not ſtretch
To impriſon her.
Biſh. No turne her out of doores,
Euen as ſhe is, and leade him to the Tower,
With guard enough, for feare of reſcuing.
La. O God requite thee thou blood-thirſty man.
Cob. May it not be my Lord of Rocheſter?
Wherein haue I incurr'd your hate ſo farre,
That my appeale vnto the King's denide
Biſh. No hate of mine, but power of holy Church,
Forbids all fauour to falſe heretikes.
Cob. Your priuate malice more then publike power,
Strikes moſt at me, but with my life it ends.
Har. aſide. O that I had the Biſhop in that feare
That once I had his Sumner by our ſelues.
Cro My Lord, yet grant one ſuite vnto vs all,
That this ſame ancient ſeruingman may waite
Vpon my Lord his maſter in the Tower.
Biſh. This old iniquity, this heretike?
That in contempt of our Church diſcipline,
Compeld my Sumner to deuoure his proceſſe?
Old ruffian paſt-grace, vpſtart ſchiſmaticke,
Had not the king pray'd vs to pardon ye,
Ye had fryed for't ye grizled heretike.
Har. Sblood my Lord byſhop ye wrong me, I am neither he-

heretike nor puritane, but of the
drinke Ale, kiſſe a wench, go to m
faſt Fridayes with cakes and wine
me of my old ſinnes afore Eaſter,
Whitſontide.
Cro. A merry mad conceited kn
Har. That knaue was ſimply p
Biſh. Well, God forgiue him, a
Let him attend his maſter in the
For I in charity wiſh his ſoule no
Cob. God bleſſe my ſoule from
Biſh. To'th Tower with him, a
I will examine him of Articles;
Looke my Lord Warden as you
The Shrieue performe his office.
War. I my Lord.

Enter Sumner with b

Biſh. What bringſt thou there
Sum. yea my Lord, here's not
No not ſo much as our Ladies P
Here's the Bible, the Teſtament,
The ſickmans ſalue, the Treaſure
All Engliſh, no not ſo much bu
Biſh. Away with them, to'th f
Now fie vpon theſe vpſtart here
All Engliſh, burne them, burne
Harpoo. But do not Sumner
there Engliſh bookes my Lord
your byſhoppricke, Beuis of H
er and the boy, Ellen of Rummi
ſuch godly ſtories, which if ye
ye drinke their aſhes in S. Marg

Enter the Biſhop of Roch
Liuery Co

1. *Ser.* Is it your honors ple
Or come backe in the afterno

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